## The Novel Experiences of Guy Garrick, Detective

Guy Garrick looked sympathetically at the girl beside his desk. Alma Maynard was the niece of an old and childless It needed only to hear her speak to enlist Garrick's sympathies, at least. Alma
was a young woman of education and
refinement, in whose face was a rare
combination of beauty and intelligence. It was of a man, debonair, dashing,
dressed agreeably; in fact, a girl
whom one could not help looking at in-

age," Garrick hinted gently.
"I know it," hastened the girl, the tears gathering in her deep szure eyes.

"And I cannot expect her to be-with us much longer. But-you don't understand. It is not only that. Aunt Elizabeth lately has fallen completely under the domination of this Mme. Sears, the medium-

and-I-I'm afraid it is affecting her Alma drew from her handbag a newspaper clipping and handed it to him. It had been cut from among the advertise-

ments, and read:

"Madam Vesta Sears, clairvoyant medium, educated in occult mysteries, tells your name, reads your secret troubles, and the remedy. Great questions of life quickly solved, Overcomes all evil influences. Failure turned to success. The separated brought to-gether. Advice on all affairs of life, love., marriage, divorce, business, speculation, and investment. Ever ready to help and advise those with capital to find a safe and paying investment. No fee until it succeeds. Could anything be fairer? The Retreat. — West Forty-fifth street."

"Just what is it you fear?" asked Gar-

"Just what is it you fear?" asked Gar-rick, fingering the clipping. "What do you suspect?"

"Well," she began slowly, "both Uncle Lyman and Aunt Elizabeth have made wills-his estate to go to my cousin San-ford and my aunt's to go to me."

She paused, then went on frankly: "I live with them in Stuyvesant Square, and I have a little income of my own-enough. I don't want Aunt Elizabeth to die for many, many years. But, Mr. Gar-rick, this Vesta Sears-oh-I fear her-

There is no new will, is there?" asked

-no-not as far as I know. I never thought of that. But, Mr. Garrick, there is no telling just how far that woman dare to go with my aunt," she added

"Never," exclaimed Alma.

"How did your aunt get into herclutches?" inquired Garrick.

table and some one might ofter in the large white building in a big city.

I see you standing before a great door Lyman and my cousin Sanford, who is in a large white building in a big city.

I see you standing before a great door Lyman and my couldn't tell her. They dealt "You go in You ride up in the eleher. And Madam Sears told her that she would go into a trance and consult some of the great financiers who had passed mahogany desk—something—there is on it

tapping, or fortune-telling, has one rule-He is never in doubt of the advisability of converting real estate or securities or converting real estate or securities chocolate mechanically from a box on the table. A minute or two elapsed in complete silence.

"Exactly. The spirits said it was best to sell."

"It is a month later." about the table. A minute or two elapsed in complete silence.

"It is a month later." about the table.

being wrong. It is an even guess. What

She did not take the advice," answered don't believe there is anything Madam

Sears," remarked Garrick, handing back the clipping. "Meanwhile, my dear Miss Maynard, do not alarm yourself. Everything will turn out all right in the end,

nard's soft hand still clung to him as. a few minutes later, he left his office and hurried uptown to look over the temple of the occult so alluringly advertised as

It was an old-fashioned, high-stooped, brownstone house, of a generation ago, just far enough from Fifth avenue not

ultra-respectable. Garrick walked past, with a quick unmistakable signs of being boardinghouses of the better class.

turned at the corner and, after a As he did so he had a sort of sensa-tion that he was being watched behind Turner—no that is right—Tanner." the drawn shades. He rang the bell, however, and a moment later a turbaned East Indian, who looked suspiciously like a mulatto from the San Juan Hill

district not a score of blocks away, admitted him with a laboriously acquired which Garrick was admitted. The eso-found himself departing b teric apartment was exquisitely fitted.

Shades were drawn and a lamp burned dimly on the table, a suggestive lamp, whose standard was a pair of twisted serpents. The carpets were soft and of the mystic's progressing the drampter clavely. seemed to breathe a pungent, restful described.

"Now, fold up the paper," directed the

attendant, who had remained ostentapursued his quest, Among the Ts he
tlously at the farther end of the room so
came upon the name he was seeking—
pleased. She doesn't take advice any
his plan of action. that he could not possibly see what was "Tanner, S., 1575, fifteenth floor," being written, "and keep it."

As he contemplated the name

It was an old trick. The second sheet had been treated so that when dested over with a certain powder the powder.

As he opened the gilt-lettered door brought up on it the writing done with on the fifteenth floor, he could scarcely the hard pencil on the first sheet which suppress an exclamation. There, stand-Garrick had retained and stowed away ing before a large desk, was the dap-

rapidly, Mr. Garrick—and— sometimes—I—I think she must be going craxy!"

A movement in the inner room.

A movement in the inner room.

A movement in the inner room.

It was leaving. He could not see who

it was, and this was no time to arouse. he girl beside his desk. Alma Maynard Fortunately, the draught from the open has the niece of an old and childless bulle, the Lyman Maynards, and it was street door swung aside the heavy porcouple, the Lyman stayhards, and the same about her aunt that she had called in great distress to see the young detective.

It needed only to hear her speak to en-

baned attendant let the man out with a "Your aunt must be quite advanced in bow just a trifle more leferential than

At last the folding doors at the far end of the reception room pened and the mystic herself appeared unannounced.

She advanced a step, ben paused. He moved forward, and she received him graciously, a striking picture slihou-etted against the myste: ous background which the open door ha t revealed, half

poise, with a remarkably good figure, and, when she spoke, a charming trace

As she led Garrick along, the ubiquitous attendant silently closed the doors. The folds of her clinging, filmy, purplish house dress were like a fleecy cloud, bearng her up, as she seemed to glide, rather than walk, into the room.

A diamond sparkled at her throat and

a ring encircled her finger, but for the most part there was about her a rich simplicity that spoke of good taste.

of crystol, nearly a foot in diameter, set in a black velvet-lined box. It rested on a blackened sandalwood base and the odor of sandalwood was heavy in the

chair which she indicated with a graceful wave of her perfectly formed fore-arm, while she leaned forward in rapt attention over the globe, resting her oval chin on her interlocked fingers.
For perhaps five minutes the adept gazed fixedly into the mysterious depths

of the crystal. At last she spoke, in soft, low, purring tones.

"Oh, she was in trouble, the trouble of the rich. Some one had made an ofter for a piece of property. Should she sell or not? It might become more valuable and some one might offer more words from her lips.

a lawyer, couldn't tell her. They dealt in the present. She heard of Madam Sears, who dealt in the future. She wasn't a believer, then, but she went to Mont Tresor Gold Mining Company.

Alma paused.
"I can foresee the result." put in Garrick. "I know that the confidence man, whether operating in gold bricks, wire-lapping, or fortune-telling has a said. the figure, and written also-One Thou-Her voice faltered, then drowsed away,

sell."
In cases of the kind," observed Garfreighted with fortune. "I can see that rick, as she stopped again, "where to do by the calendar that is hanging on the a thing or not is the question, there is one chance of being right and one of again. You seem to have your stock cerbeing wrong It is an over success What illustrate with the stock cerbeing wrong It is an over success when tificates with you. The man, the man I saw before, greets you.

"You hand him the stock and tell him Alma. "Soon, she found she was wrong to was her error-not in judgment-but he can arrange it and will sell it at the taking the advice of Madam Sears, belief became stronger. Now, I stock has gone up 200 per cent in a month. You have made a five-hundreddon't believe there is anything Madam month. For have made a nve-madred sears could tell her that she wouldn't dollar gain on a two-hundred-and-fifty-do." Garrick leaned forward eagerly.

"Where is this?" he almost begged.
"I don't know," she answered. "I shall have to go into another trance to fol-It will mean a double fee Somehow or other something seems to be working against me today." "Try." urged Garrick, placing the

Again Vesta leaned forward over the crystal.

"I see you walking down a street," she cried at length. "It is very crowdrownstone house, of a generation ago, lest far enough from Fifth avenue not be fashionable and near enough to be tra-respectable.

d. Men almost run into you. Messenger boys dodge about you. Ah—there is the tall spire of a church at the end of it. It-it is Wall Street. office buildings are all about, but do not stop-yes, you pause-one ment-I must read the name carved in the lintel of the huge granite doorway It—it is the Wall Street Tower. Again I see you. The name of the man—is—

The minutes sped by as they chatted much practice beyond that involved in fter the crystal gazing. To Garrick managing his own affairs, for it was what is known as a fishafter the crystal gazing. To Garrick managing his own affairs, for it was after the crystal gazing. To Garrick managing his own affairs, for it was what is known as a handle which was about for something to talk about it was indeed delightfully Bohemian. only a small, though well-equipped of in yange so that even faces of those which would not tend to arouse sushurry. Outside, clients were absorbing the exotic atmosphere. Yet she did not let the time overrun itself. Without and introduced himself frankly as a knowing just how it happened, Garrick recent acquaintance of Miss Maynard's found himself departing by another who had been calling in the building world, with which the human interior soon. Smoothly the turbaned attendant

Half an hour later Garrick fulfilled serpents. The carpets were soft and of the mystic's prophecy by actually a deep green, the draperles cleverly covreen, the draperies cleverly cov. standing inside the door of the big carrier, much as it can be at itself white tower building which she had to breathe a pungent, restful described.

The air itself white tower building which she had to breathe a pungent, restful described.

He was looking over the M's on the "Will you walt a few minutes?" asked directory. As his eye ran down the the attendant. "Madam has a client, but will gee you soon. Will you write your name, "Maynard, S., lawyer, 1626 tenth name and the questions you wish to ask floor."

"Your cousin put a hypothetical name and the questions you wish to ask

to invest some money that has just come Gold Mining Company, 1575, fifteenth to me by my father's death."

Garrick moved a step or two and sulted me about transactions frequent-

being written. "and keep it."

Garrick tore off the sheet from the pad and the servant took the pad.

As he contemplated the name, he wondered whether it was a preconceived arrangement, this between Max

Garrick had retained and stowed sway ing perore a large dess, was the dap-safely in his pocket.

Another wait followed, during which for just a moment scarcely an hour be-Garrick knew some one was at work fore at The Retreat. It was no other reading his mind by means of the doc-than the wonderful Stuart Tanner him-

## The Clairvoyant Trust

By ARTHUR B. REEVES

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The inner room, into which they now entered, was a marvel of skill. In it there was the same curious aroma which was noticeable outside, only deeper. The lights were dimmer, the carpets and there were plenty of easy chairs and there were plenty of easy chairs and there were plenty of easy chairs and diverse in the solid was the dearest wish of the old man's handle was just a faint point of light on the other side, telling that to units the fortunes in the marriage of Sanford and Alma.

A sound at the door aroused him light in her mystic room to be wholly extinguished.

He turned down the hall, after noticing that the door of the office next to the marriage of Sanford and Alma.

Carefully he shoved a narrow tube.

into Mrs. Maynard's actions if not into in the study waiting for Alma.

her mind. He excused himself and Lyman Maynard was a tail thin, anthis time actually started uptown gular man, with a shock of silvery

Tresor Gold.

"Have you any big stockholders—
prominent people?" fenced Garrick.
"Oh, yes," urged Tanner. "There is a Mrs. Maynard, Mrs. Lyman Maynard, or the Maynard, or thousands of shares. I guess if it's good enough for the Maynards it's good enough for any one."

Garrick rose to go, but Tanner followed by the thing of the house east door to The Retreat. To his satisfaction, in answer to his inquiry, he found that there to his inquiry, he found that there to his inquiry, he found that there the interests of his inquiry, he found that there to his inquiry.

The found that there to his inquiry at least to his inquiry, he found that there to his inquiry at least to his inquiry.

The found that there to his inquiry at least to his inquiry a

Garrick rose to go, but Tanner followed him to the door, bent on making a sale if possible. Garrick deftly put minute hole right through the solid was the dearest wish of the old man's

As the man glanded around Garrick | family matters, even with a friend of | nized that it must be Mr. and Mrs. Lypaused. "I came, recommended by his cousin, and Garrick accepted the man Maynard, and through the open Madam Vesta Sears." introduced Gar- hint. At any rate he had met Sanford door he could see them, though they and thought he had gained an insight were evidently not aware that he was

as he poured forth the merits of Mont
Tresor Gold.

"Have you any big stockholders"

"Have you any big stockholders"

"Balant afternoon Garrick rang the belief of the house next door to The Retreat. To his satisfaction is a stockholders."

"Wery well, Elizabeth" the merits of the first afternoon Garrick range the little woman.

"Very well, Elizabeth" the merits of the first afternoon Garrick range the little woman.

Garrick rose and introduced himself.

The rest of the morning, he occupied in hiring temporarily the vacant office he had observed next to the Mont Tresor Gold Mining Company. There, also, through the office wall, although it was much more difficult, he flored a hole and inserted another detectascope, with a large box at the end of it, precisely similar to that which he had placed in the room next to The Retreat.

Second of the morning, he occupied in What sort of new scientific necromancy was this? What sort of situation was it disclosing?

It was wired as Garrick had staged it. For the first time Sanford seemed impressed.

"I have always thought the vivious of the crystal gazer perhaps real enough," he muttered, "but I thought it was merely seeing ideas visualized which were already in the mind? The least you can ready in the mind? The least you can The rest of the morning, he occupied in

of the day between the two places, tak-ing care not to be observed going in and fraud."

on Madam Sears. Her first question was, "Have you done

what I saw you doing in the crystal?"
what I saw you doing in the crystal?"
"Yes," he replied eagerly. "And it is
wonderful, marvelous. I'm going to buy wonderful, marvelous. I'm going the ed that she saw a love affair surrounding the stock just as soon as I can get the ed that she saw a love affair surrounding cash. But it is about another matter I deponent; that there was a young lady cash. But it is about another matter I have called on you, this time."

slowly, "I'm lonely." "You are in love, then?" she queried.

Madam Sears gazed long and deeply dealt with according to law."

Madam Sears gazed rouge into the crystal.

"I see the young ady whom you would love," she began at length in a soft voice. "She would love i u, too. I see a love affair surrounding both of you." She continued to gaze into the limpid depths from which she drew her inspiration. "But not yet will she be yours," she went on. "She is under the evil influence of another man—"

What would

As he finished reading, carried and the door. From no-where seemed to spring two plain-clothes men. In the glare of the light, they could see that one of them was holding Stuart Tanner securely by the wrist. Not a word was said, as Garriek ran off the little drama which he had prepared. Tanner himself gazed sullenly from one to the other.

"Wh-what does it all mean?" cried

she say?

"An old man," added the medium. "But it can all be arranged with care. For \$0 for her only the day previous.

"But Madam Sears had so blithely picked out for her only the day previous.

Garrick merely pressed a warrant into Garrick merely pressed a warrant into this evil influence."

would scarcely have conducted a court-ship through a professional scryer or crystal gazer. He thanked her profusely Sears' holy of holies. and promised to return and let her use her wonderful power in overcoming the evil influence which, he could guess, was that of old Mr. Maynard.

Outside on the street, quicker than it can be told, a crowd had collected, a typical New York crowd, attracted now by cries of "A raid! A raid!" and promised to return and let her use her wonderful power in overcoming the

He had expected to find Miss Maynard angry at Madam Sears, but when he call-ed on her again the next day she was merely amused. merely amused. "She already had an affinity picked out

for me," laughed Alma merrily in telling about it. "I met him there." "Who was he?"he asked. "A Mr. Tanner," she replied. "Have you met him? He is a broker or some-

thing or other downtown. Aunt Elizabeth knows him." Garrick nodded. He was trying to piece the mystery together and found that somehow the parts did not fit into each

He had arranged his new quarters to look as much as possible like a seance room of a fortune teller and had pre-pared to place in the front window a lit-

the gilt-lettered glass sign, reading, "Prof. Bell, Psychic Palmist." The day slipped by, like others, an anxious day for Alma. Her visit to Madam Sears had not reassured her concerning her aunt. Instead, it had further alarmed her, for she did not like the looks of the Mr. Tanner to whom the medium

Garrick had apparently disappeared, al-Garrick had apparently disapparently though he was in fact busy with his detectascope both at the boarding-house and in the office he had hired downtown black and blank as before. It was along toward night when he

What?" she answered quickly, "Next to Madam Sears? "Yes," he laughed back. "You will find me there tonight as Prof. Rell, psychic palmist. I wonder if you and Sanford

couldn't arrange to call on me? I shall have to trust to you to think up the ex-It proved easier than she had expected the proved easier than one man could try, when she told Garrick that she would try, ing it to Vesta Sears, by a sort of inspiration, she managed "What is it?" asked to appeal to Sanford's skepticism by ask-ing him to see if he could expose this new psychic of whom she had just heard. Meanwhile Garrick had put the finish-ing touches on his preparations and was

quite ready to greet his guests when they Alma greeted the "professor" in a manner which showed that she had the instincts of an actress. Sanford, on the other hand, as soon as he caught sight of Garrick and recognized him, turned supercillously to his cousin and remark-ed. "I thought you didn't believe in this Garrick replaced

sort of thing, Alma."
"Oh," she replied, "that's just it. I don't. But-this is so different. Garrick flashed his approbation at the darrick hashed his approbation at the impromptu remark and busied himself about a cabinet on top of which was a huse crystal ball. Beneath, in the cabinet itself, he had placed a curious arrangement, which, however, was not viswaiting to see Alma, and was casting

fble to an outsider. get down to business," remarked Sanford Suddenly a man entered. It was the figure already familiar which had appear-

than what he directed their attention to-ward. There, in the depths of the magic crystal ball, broke forth a dim, shim-"Some one," exclaimed Garrick, break-

They started forward involuntarily and payment of money she has made for gazed down, as Garrick directed. Alma worthless stock in the Mont Tresor gazed down, as Garrick directed. Alma worthle gave a faint scream of surprise. Suddenmine." tune and let it take care of itself without any help from that woman how happy we might all be! I almost

breathing. There floated in the crystal a figure. It was no other than Madam Sears herself! upraised hand and held it in a visc-like It was indistinct, yet plain enough for grip.

advanced toward them, but really toward quick step, holding a heavy metal ornawhat was evidently a door.

A man entered the room with her. There they stood, close together, apparently talking earnestly.

him, yet he did not turn his face and without seeing his face the picture was from Mrs. Maynard, he planned to marry too indistinct to recognize him. Still even his back seemed indefinably familiar to he gratified his infatuation for Vesta

"Say you are in love with a young tal. But the man was not of crystal. man," added Garrick hastily, "who is handsome, athletic-red blooded-any- She flung her arms about him in a wild

"Oh, you mean it is just a story," she replied, much relieved. "Very well," she agreed, as Garrick excused himself. "I agreed, as Garrick excused himself. "I be that somehow Garrick had cut the picture short himself. What did it mean?

Garrick divided his time during the rest ready in the mind? The least you can

Before Alma could say a word, Garrick That evening Garrick paid a second call had flashed the lights of his seance room up and had drawn a legal paper from his pocket. Quickly he skimmed over its con-

who would love deponent, but was unde-He paused, to let her know how great cided because of the evil influence of another man, an old man; that for \$50 she would go into a trance and cause this young lady to fall in love with deponent by the aid of metaphysics. Wherefore, "You are in love, then?" she queried.
"Hardly," laughed Garrick. "That is deponent prays that legal process may be issued for the apprehension of said Madam Vesta Sears, and that she be apprehension of said with according to law."

"Wh-what does it all mean?" cried Aims, at the sight of the affinity of

the hand of the other officer whom he Garrick suppressed a smile.

Much as he admired Aima Maynard, he later the man had mounted the steps

As she was hurried into the rooms of the new rival, "Prof. Bell," she shot a glance of scorn at Garrick. Then, with a little cry of surprise, she caught sight of Sanford and Alma and Tanner. Before she could recover, Garrick

stepped forward.

"There's a syndicate of you fakers," he cried, "working in this city. But you, Madam Sears," he added, "you supply only one link in the chain I have forged." He walked over and laid his hand on the crystal ball.

"Here," he went on-"here, I have the evidence." With a turn of his hand he switched off the lights so that the room was in almost total darkness. One could hardly

hear a breath as they all watched him, fascinated. Again a light seemed to break through the crystal on the cabinet and the pic-ture seemed to begin where it had left off before he had interrupted it by the raid. of the Mr. Tanner to whom the medium As all crowded around, they could see the introduced her. He had seemed too the medium and her visitor, whose face was concealed, holding each other in

one long, passionate embrace. It was just for a moment; then the

"It's a fake-it's a lie!" cried a an's voice, tensely. All turned. I and he lost no time in calling up Alma Vesta Sears facing Garrick.

Quickly he lifted up the heavy crystal e established myself as a psychic ball. There, beneath, set into the cabinet — West Forty-fifth street," he oblighted, was a peculiar lens. He opened the cabinet and disclosed a miniature moving-picture machine which project-ed a small picture right through the crystal itself.

Then, without a word, Garrick took a step toward the party wall that separ-ated them from The Retreat. He bent over and drew out the little twelve-inch tube that he had inserted. "Look through that," he said, hand-

and touching his arm. "A detectascope," he said quietly. "I have seen much through it, but modern science tells us not to trust our eyes too far as witnesses. I determined to make certain that what I saw could not be denied. I have used the detectascope to take moving pictures, with a new form of motion picture camera. In this other ma-

Garrick replaced the crystal in its posi-tion over the projecting lens, the lights winked down, and suddenly at the in-

chine, I have shown you one of the pic-tures which I took. Here is another-

taken in another place, where I repeated

depths again. The scene had shifted. All now crowd-ed about the cabinet, gazing down entranced.

What would it show? There was Tanner's office, downtown. There sat Tanner himself at his deak ed in the crystal before. On sped the "Look!" exclaimed Garrick, suddenly, picture. They were evidently engaged in gnoring the remark, ignoring the remark.

His tone startled them, but no more the conclusion of the transaction Tanner

crystal ball, broke forth a dim, shim-mering light, becoming brighter and brighter, making the huge crystal seem almost a thing of life.

"Some one," exclaimed Garrick, break-ing the tense silence, "some one was planning to squeeze the last cent from Mrs. Maynard. This contact the last cent from

ly a picture, faint, indistinct, seemed to Suddenly, the man in the crystal turn-form in the very heart of the transpar-ed his face toward the little audience and ent rock. She bent closer, scarcely it was clear. Alma drew back with a "Sanford!" she exclaimed At the same time Garrick caught an

> Sanford Maynard had advanced with a nent which he had seized from the mantel-piece as if to smash the crystal.
> "More than that," ground out the

young detective, "that person, so cold to Alma as she strained her eyes to see.

The couple talked and it was evident lady, Stuart Tanner was but the tool of that they were on very good terms inothers. Vesta Sears was not alone. This that they were on very good terms in- others. Vesta Sears was not alone. This deed. Now and then the medium would scientific scryer proves it. You-Sanford

"Oh-yes," greeted Tanner cordially. "Have a chair."

of easy chairs and divans, inviting repose the mining company was blank, bearand abandon of the outside twentieth century world. Surely, it was well named

The last local stop of the express eighths of an inch in diameter, and in far-away expression in her eyes which



Garrick took the bull by the horns in the room might be recognized. The return and seeing the name on the door had

fice which he occupied.

They chatted for a few minutes on this slip of paper? It will help you to on through the M's his eye traveled until at last he came to the 'I' want to know," Garrick wrote, "how name he was seeking—"Mont Tresor would be likely to stand in the courts."

more-from me.

Sanford cleared his throat. Maynard," he said slowly, "has

Maynard looked at him a moment as upward trend of business had left like thought in doubt whether to damn him a little residential eddy in the stream for his insolence or answer him. Having gone so far, he evidently concluded house, a wide stone mansion built af-to answer. "Why, as a matter of fact," ter the style of a generation ago. Ining gone so tar, he evidently concluded house, a wide stone mansion built after the analysis of a generation ago. Inhe replied, "I have almost come to the conclusion that she is incompetent to make a new will. I suppose my cousin told you that she has changed greatly study."

The adept gazed fixedly into the mysterious depths of the crystal. Maynerd was a lawyer, and by the the end of the tube, adjusting it. What She did not appear to be startled. In same token typical of many of the profession, cold, passionless, at least on the surface. He did not appear to have the surface. He did not appear to have the surface. It was a detectascope, in one end of He had said merely that he was

By using the fish-eye lens not only thought of each other as they stood ould he see straight in front, but on there for a moment, youth and age. taken the liberty of dropping in.

At the mention of his cousin's name,

At the mention of his cousin's name,

every side as well, the range of its

Sanford had shot a quizzical glance at

vision being 180 degrees, or half a cir
them, and Mrs. Maynard started re-Garrick, much as if wondering whether cle. In a way, it illustrated the range

> tectascope enabled him to see anything that happened in the room next door. He waited only long enough the next morning to determine just how well the detectascope worked, then after

From time to time Garrick watch-

ed through his new eavesdropping eye, but as nothing occurred he began to She had told him that she lived with "Why is that?" asked Garrick point- the Lyman Maynards on one of the squares further downtown which the He had no difficulty in finding the

As he was waiting, he suddenly be-The lawyer changed the subject, a came aware that some one had entered hint that he did not care to discuss the next room. By the voices he recog-

in range so that even faces of those which would not tend to arouse suspicion when the appearance of Miss Maynard herself relieved him of the necessity. Her aunt seemed visibly to brighter as the girl linked her arm about her. There was no doubt of what they

> luctantly from the room. "I have seen that Madam Sears," marked Garrick in a low tone. Instantly her face changed. "Oh," she cried, "if my aunt would only stop thinking about my own for-

> know that that charlatan is playing on her in some way through her love for me," she shuddered. Garrick said nothing for a mystic to the little office in Wall Street and Tanner's boastful statement that if Mont Tresor Gold was good enough for the Maynards it was good enough for anybody. Was that the explana-tion? Were the fakers playing on the

> old lady's love and solicitude for the future of Alma? "I want you to go to Madam Sears yourself," remarked Garrick, taking advantage of the opening she had

> "I?" she gasped. "Why, I could

